I wil not ruinate my fathers houſe,
Who gaue his bloud to lime the ſtones together:
And ſet vp *Lancaſter*. Thinkeſt thou
That *Clarence* is ſo harſh vnnaturall,
To lift his ſword againſt his brothers life?
And ſo proud hearted *Warwicke* I defie thee,
And to my brothers turne my bluſhing cheekes:
Pardon me *Edward*, for I haue done amiſſe,
And *Richard*, do not frowne vpon me,
For hence forth I will proue no more vnconſtant.
Ed. Welcome *Clarence*, and ten times more welcome,
Then if thou neuer hadſt deſerued our hate.
Glo. Welcome good *Clarence*, this is brotherly.
War. Oh paſsing traitour, periurde, and vniuſt.
Ed. Now *Warwicke*, wilt thou leaue the Towne & fight?
Or ſhall we beate the ſtones about thine eares?
War. Why, I am not coopt vp heere for defence,
I will away to *Barnet* preſently,
And bid thee battaile *Edward*, if thou dareſt.
Ed. Yes *Warwicke*, he dares, and leades the way,
Lords to the field, ſaint *George* and victorie.

Exeunt Omnes.

Alarmes, and then enter Warwicke, wounded.

War. Ah who is nie? Come to me friend, or foe,
And tell me who is victor, *Yorke*, or *VVarwicke*?
Why aske I that? my mangled bodie ſhewes,
That I muſt yeeld my bodie to the earth,
And by my fall the conqueſt to my foes:
Thus yeeldes the Cedar to the axes edge,
Whoſe armes gaue ſhelter to the princely Eagle,
Vnder whoſe ſhade the ramping Lion ſlept,
Whoſe top braunch ouerpeer'd *Ioues* ſpreading tree:
The wrinckles in my browes, now fild with bloud,
Were likened oft to Kingly ſepulchers,
For who liu'd King but I could dig his graue?
And who durſt ſmile, when *Warwicke* bent his brow?

Lo

Loe now my glorie ſmeerd i
My parkes, my walkes, my m
Euen now forſake me, and of
Is nothing left me, but my b

Enter Oxford, and
Ox. Ah *Warwicke*, *VVarwic*
For yet there is hope enough
Our warlike *Queene* with troo
And at *South-hampton* landed
And mighteſt thou liue, then
VVar. Why, then I would
But *Hercules* himſelfe muſt y
For many woundes receiu'd a
Hath robd my ſtrong knit ſin
And ſpite of ſpites needes mu
Som. Thy brother *Montag*
And at the pangs of death I h
And ſaie, commend me to m
And more he would haue ſaid
Which founded like a clamo
That could not bediſtinguiſh
And ſo the valiant *Montague*
VVar. What is pompe, rul
And liue we how we can, yet
Sweet reſt his ſoule, flie Lords
For *VVarwicke* bids you all fa

Ho

Oxf. Come noble *Summerſe*
And cauſe retraite be ſounded
That all our friendes that yet
May be awarn'd, and ſaue th
That done, with them weele
And once more trie our fortu

Enter Edward, Clarence, a
Ed. Thus ſtill our fortune g
And girts our temples With

to ~~might~~ might